

The Cheerful Letter

Every place a church; every day the Lord's day; all events blessings; all joy thanksgiving; and all nature and life full of God.—James Freeman Clarke.

Vol. XXXIX

SEPTEMBER, 1930

No. 3

Publication office Boston, Mass. Monthly, except August: 50 cents a year. Single copy, 5 cents

Check, post-office order, or stamps should be sent to the Cheerful Letter Exchange, 25 Beacon St.,

"Acceptance for mailing at the special rate of postage provided for in Section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917, authorized July 17, 1922."

Application for transfer of second class entry from Concord, N. H., to Boston, Mass., is pending.

BUILDING A LIFE

Let every man take heed how he buildeth.—
I Corinthians, iii:10.

Why should we take heed how we build?

Your answer to that question classifies you. The moment you say you know we should be careful how we live, giving a reason, you put yourself into one or another category. A few persons take no heed at all as to the matter of living, but these are very few.

Most people know what they are trying to do in the world and why they are trying to do it. Expression of their philosophy or view of life puts them into a list, longer or shorter, but of a quality that can be discerned.

Before we consider reasons for taking heed about the conduct of life, let us realize that building is virtually the only thing we have to do. We cannot change the foundations, although people waste time and thought trying to tinker with them. Some men try to go back of their ancestors and change unchangeable facts and conditions. Now, we had nothing to say about coming into the world. We had no choice of our family line. We had no chance to elect our sex, temperament or disposition. We had nothing to do with the impressions of our early plastic years when nature was in formative condition. Our equipment, one might say, was handed to us.

A certain philosopher held that a child was born the day he first said, "I." For us, self-consciousness is the beginning of life. After this has dawned it is our unique task to do something with our own peculiar kit of tools, to make something out of our mysterious self. God never gave to any other individual a work that was the duplicate of yours. He will never give to any other man the task He has given to me. So, if you are looking for a dignified position, look no farther than your own center.

God thinks enough of you to give you a highly individualized career. The foundation is set. You are to build.

The apostle says that we are to take heed how we build.

Some persons half way up the mountain look

longingly down toward the valley. "Why should we be called," they say, "to climb these heights? Our labor is ceaseless and exhausting. Others are not compelled thus to suffer." and those looking up from the valleys complain: "Why did God put us down in these hollows where no event distinguishes day from day? We are weary of this monotony, this absence of all excitement or challenge." So the man in the country longs for the rush of city life; and the man in the city laments: "Here is this dull office with the same dreary round. Oh for a life of change, adventure and thrill!"

How often great executives chafe under the insistent, distressing pressure of their responsibilities! But the intrepid mountaineer cannot change to a safe, serene life and the untrained dweller in the valleys cannot be entrusted with large destinies. It is for you to discover your real vocation, the task God has given you to do. Each of us is called to the ministry he can best perform.

There is no difference between your profession and mine. The priesthood is distributed among the individuals of all the world.

The foundation having been laid, why are we to take such heed about our building?

There might be various answers. One person might reply that, unless we do take heed, we must miss the pleasure or the comfort of life. Hedonism is the belief that pleasure with the minimum of pain is life's highest good. Some men care not at what price they purchase pleasure. She is a goddess that fascinates the young, and many a youth elects to follow her and rears a palace of pleasure on the foundation that has been laid. But to the individual or to the nation the time comes a day or a century later when all that glittered is tarnished, all that was radiant is dull. Where music lingered, blinds rattle in the wind.

"Vanity of vanities," wail the devotees of pleasure, who is a goddess that turns her back on her followers after they have given her their all.

Some builders take heed to their work because, unless they are thus solicitous, their contemporaries show displeasure. It is as if a person should take blue-prints of the house he was plan-

ning and show them to his acquaintances, asking their opinion. If he followed all the counsel given him, his house would be a monstrosity. Advisers may be captious and superficial. Do not ask: "What do people say?" If your only sanction for action is the comment of others, your character will be meaningless and spineless, and your achievements will be a congeries of isolated phases and aspects, like pearls whose string is broken. There are many snap judgments, provincial views and shallow thinkers. Some disapproval is high commendation. Caustic criticism often proves that something is being accomplished.

Our Lord had bitter and vindictive critics and had the courage to antagonize the estimates of those who were not in a position to see the truth.

The approach of old age warns some men to be careful how they live, and others take heed from gratitude to their forebears. So we might go through the list of motives of those who would plan their lives. But what is the Christian reason for guarding our thoughts and acts? This is it—only by so doing can we build a temple of living stones. The walls of our structure must run up from the foundations that Christ has laid. Let us think of four of these.

First, there is purity—not innocence, for this was lost long ago. We know the difference between right and wrong. Let us never let the sable wing of impurity blot out our light. Like spring water, purity dispels sediment. We cannot help being conscious of the sordid, but we can help entertaining it.

Second, there is honesty—not a policy, but a principle. The honesty that is policy belongs to crooks. An honest man wishes and intends to be true. He holds to honesty as to a principle of life.

There is also reverence. America has no greater need. We are successful, clever, adroit, rich, prosperous, smart, blatant, set-up, but not reverent. Jesus taught and practiced reverence. It was the fiber of His soul. He worshipped everywhere, for He saw in all things the presence of God.

A fourth wall for us to rear is that of service to others. Purity and honesty are what a man is; reverence is his attitude to God; service is his attitude to his fellow man.

As these four walls rise, our characters are formed. These things will not come by wishing. Do we hold them aloft as the prize for which we are willing to strive?

To the man who thus lives, life cannot be dull, no matter what his environment. Purity, honesty, reverence and service are identical in heaven and earth, in the slums and in the palace. They are the substance of the soul. A pure mind, an honest heart, a spirit of reverence and service are the same, whatever the skin, whatever the language. Building these, we build that which shall endure.

You know the story of the man who reached the heavenly city but complained of the meager dwelling assigned to him there. The answer was given to him: "We did the best we could with the

material you sent us." And there is another story of a man who left home after employing a builder to put up a house in his absence. "Use the best of stuff, and spare nothing," was his direction. The builder was a grafter who stinted and cheapened his work. When the employer returned, he said to the builder: "I knew that you meant to be married. This house is a present to you and your bride."

All through the years that followed, the builder said in his heart: "If only I'd known that I was building for myself!"
So we are building for ourselves.

Our task is to make the best men and women of ourselves that it is possible to make.

God demands not the work of geniuses, but the best that we can do. Are you giving this today? Are you fighting for what you may become? Are you putting into your building a man's heart, will, intelligence, the love of home, of family, of country, of the world?

How does your house look in the daylight? How will it look when night comes and no man can work? **Let every man take heed how he buildeth.**

—Rev. Philip J. Steinmetz, in Boston Transcript.

LITTLE THINGS ALONG LIFE'S WAY

The things I saw along the way
Were all that made the day a day.
I started out
With fairy dreams,
I set about
My hopes and schemes,
And yet a rose upon a stem
Had not a thing to do with them.

I saw some youngsters playing ball;
That wasn't part of it at all.

I even heard
A bob-o-link.
Or some such bird
As that, I think,

Although my schemes said not a thing
About the way a bird can sing.

And I suspect, in fact I know,
With life itself I'll find it so,
That when it ends

What I'll recall
Is flow'rs and friends,
Not schemes at all,

I'll find the things that made life's day
Were little things along life's way.

—Douglas Malloch.

ALEXANDER DUMAS the elder, author of "The Count of Monte Cristo," is supposed to have been the most prolific writer who ever lived. He told Napoleon III that he had written some 1,200 volumes. One set of his works which purports to be "complete" contains 277 volumes.
—Pathfinder Magazine.

WITH OUR HOME-KEEPERS Favorite Recipes

Nut Bread

Four cups flour, 4 teaspoons baking powder, 1 teaspoon salt, $\frac{1}{2}$ cups nut meats (broken), 1 cup dates, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar. Mix together. In another bowl beat one egg, add 2 cups milk. Add other ingredients and mix lightly. Put into two breadpans, let rise 20 minutes and bake in hot oven about 15 or 20 minutes.

* * *

Butterscotch Rice Pudding

One tablespoon gelatin, $\frac{1}{3}$ cup rice, 2 tablespoons butter, 3 cups milk, 1 cup brown sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup cold water. Wash the rice and cook it until nearly done in a double boiler with 2 cups of scalded milk and the salt. Meanwhile cook together in a shallow pan the brown sugar and butter until it gets very dark, but not burnt. Cook until the rice is tender and the caramel melted. Soften the gelatin in the cold water and then dissolve it in a cup of hot milk. Pour this into the cooked rice and turn into a wet mold. Serve cold.

* * *

Casserole of Lima Beans and Beef

Four cups cooked dried limas, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup minced onion, $\frac{1}{2}$ cups stewed tomatoes, $2\frac{1}{2}$ cups cooked beef, 3 tablespoons shortening, 3 tablespoons flour, 2 teaspoons salt, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon pepper, few grains mace. Cut beef into inch cubes, roll in flour mixed with seasonings, brown with onion in shortening. Grease a casserole; place in it limas, beef and tomatoes in alternate layers. Barely cover with boiling water; cook at 325° F. for 1 hour. Add water when necessary.

* * *

French Toast

Two eggs, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt, 6 large slices stale raisin bread. Beat eggs slightly, add salt and milk. Dip bread in mixture until covered on both sides. Fry in a little hot melted butter on a hot greased griddle. Serve plain or with syrup.

* * *

Frizzled Beef with Tomatoes

One-quarter pound dried beef, 4 tablespoons bacon fat, 2 tablespoons chopped onions, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon paprika, 3 tablespoons flour, $\frac{1}{2}$ cups tomatoes. Heat fat in a frying pan. When hot add beef, onions, salt and paprika. Cook until well "frizzled." Add flour. Cook well and stir constantly until brown. Add other ingredients, cook two minutes and serve on the toast.

Handy Hints

In scouring steel cutlery, try using a large cork instead of a cloth. The cork will wear longer and will give better results.

Save old blankets and bed comforts. Cut out the good sections, fold them, and cover with brocade or other material, and use them for porch cushions.

Chill all salad ingredients and plates. When

ready to serve quickly combine ingredients and serve.

Knives may be sharpened on the edge of an ordinary red earthen flower pot.

Several large leaves of lettuce rolled tightly and kept cold make an attractive fish garnish. Cut the leaves into $\frac{1}{2}$ -inch pieces with shears. These make pretty pale green rosettes which, when intermingled with small pieces of parsley and sliced egg, make a very pretty dressing.

When washing or ironing, put a thick rug under your feet, and you will find you do not tire so easily.

Soak a broom in strong salt water and wash it weekly in the suds left from the laundry tubs. Always hang a broom, or stand it upside down.

Place scorched linen, dampened, in strong sunlight. Keep dampening as it dries.

New Use for Clothes Washer

Speaking of redecorating reminds us of a new use we have found for our clothes washer. We yearned for pale blue sheets to go in a pale blue and rose bedroom—but we had on hand quite a supply of nice conservative white cotton sheets—almost new. We were about to give up the alluring idea of pale blue sheets when we suddenly thought of our simplified clothes washer and decided to make it take on a new duty. So we bought some blue dye. We had six full-size sheets and eight pillow cases and found that dyeing each sheet separately gave the best results. So we put in ten gallons of lukewarm water and dissolved ten teaspoonfuls of dye and dumped in our sheets one by one. We let each sheet tumble around for five minutes—at the end of that time we pulled it over the side of the dryer basket and put in the second sheet to tint. (With each sheet we added a bit more dye.) While the first sheet whirled dry the next sheet took its blue bath. (You see our washer does two things at once right in the same tank.) We did all eight pillow cases at one fell swoop and saw them change from a plain white to a fascinating blue. Then we gave them all a clear rinse.

The action of the centrifugal dryer whirled them practically dry—in fact, by letting them whirl fifteen minutes we could run them through the ironer direct from the dryer basket.

—Clipped.

It is estimated that \$24,000,000 worth of checks are dispatched by air mail to New York every day, or approximately \$7,000,000,000 worth a year. The economy of this method of transportation is shown when it is figured that air mail saves from one to three days' interest on this sum—a saving said to be as high as \$144,000,000 a year.

First Inventor—I've invented a fuelless motor.
Second Liar—Does it work?

First Nut—Absolutely. No fuelin'.

—Ponoma Sagehen

THE BOOK AND MAGAZINE CLUB

Send all offers and requests for this department to Mrs. J. A. McCaddin, 21 Ashfield St., Roslindale, Mass.

Please remember, when you see a request for a book in the Book Club, to write a card asking "Shall I send such a book to such a person?" before sending it, else the person who requests it may receive several copies. When any one writes directly to you, asking for a book offered by you, send a card to Mrs. McCaddin, saying that you have sent it. When you receive more requests than you can meet, send those to the Book Club to be printed here.

SPECIAL NOTICES

It will greatly aid those who are sending books, magazines, cards, and so forth, if all our correspondents who send requests for their children will take pains to mention their names and ages. Lacking such information, one is likely to make mistakes; for a boy of twelve and a girl of seven are not usually interested in the same things.

When requesting books for the first time, correspondents should always give, as reference, the name and address of their clergyman.

When correspondents move to a new address, notice should be sent either to our headquarters, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass., or to those persons who have been sending books and magazines.

It is necessary to state positively that the Cheerful Letter Exchange is not a "clothing bureau" and not a "charitable" society in the usual sense of the word. We do not undertake to send correspondents money, clothing or household goods. Letters asking for that sort of assistance cannot receive attention. Letters not signed cannot be printed.

Many people do care for just the kind of friendly service for which we are organized. We limit our efforts to them and their wishes.

Those who enjoy receiving books and magazines are asked to remember that they, in their turn, can give much pleasure if they will take pains to write to the persons who send such reading matter. In cases where no word of response goes back—not even to say that the books or magazines were received—senders may suppose the parcels were not welcome. Let us each do our share.

APPEALS

1. Mrs. Ola Ross, of Mt. Enterprise, R. 3, Texas, who was Miss Ola Godfrey, of Tilly, Ark., writes that she has been married a year now. She lives far from any of her folks so gets very lonesome. She would be quite happy to receive reading material and quilt pieces.

2. Mrs. Hattie Hartsog, of Whitetop, Va., writes "What has become of Miss Lydia Bloick? I haven't heard from her in a long time." Mrs. Hartsog has been quite ill for a long time and now has a fat baby boy three months old. She would love to hear from her old friends once more, and some books or quilt scraps would make her quite happy.

3. Miss Edna Hamilton writes that she is now Mrs. Harry Campbell of Sandiges, R. 2, Va. Her husband is a "renter." She wishes to thank all who were so kind to her before her marriage, and hopes that they will still remember her as she is just as much in need of cheer as ever.

4. I want everyone to know that we appreciate what the Cheerful Letter friends have sent us in the past, and hope that we may not be forgotten in the future. I have been a member of the Exchange for over twenty years. I am not very well now and am unable to get out very much. I would certainly be glad of some quilt pieces and magazines, especially the Pictorial Review. Mrs. B. J. Hall, 1926 Clinton Ave., S. E., Roanoke, Va.

5. I am writing to thank all who have sent me

cheer. If anyone has not received thanks, don't think that I don't appreciate all the cheer: just remember that I am old and eyes are dim and my fingers are stiff. I was seventy years old in August. I would like quilt pieces, books, cards, letters, magazines, or just any kind of cheer. I appreciate the little Cheerful Letter magazine very much. Mrs. Annie Swain, West Star Route, Portales, N. M.

6. I do hope to be remembered with some good reading matter. Will someone send me the little magazine after they are through with it? I do so enjoy reading it. Mrs. Emma Williams, R. F. D. 4, Box 121A, Marshville, N. C.

7. Mrs. J. M. Langston, Leo, Texas, was not able to make out the name on a bundle of quilt pieces that she received. She does hope the sender will know that she appreciates them and takes this way of thanking the lady now. As she lives far from a church, she would appreciate religious papers or reading for herself and children.

8. Mrs. Belle Mason, R. R. 1, Morrilton, Ark., would appreciate any sort of material to make rugs. Old stockings and parts of old clothing work into them very nicely. Quilt pieces and thread would be welcomed.

9. I am a poor farm woman, the mother of four children; two girls, ages 13 and 16, and two boys, 5 and 11. I am a teacher of a young people's class in a Union Sunday School and would appreciate anything that might help me in my work, such as helps on the Bible. I would also

appreciate anything in the way of sewing material. Mrs. J. A. Taylor, R. 1, Slaton, Texas.

10. I am not hearing from any of my Cheerful Letter friends. I miss them so much. Won't someone please remember me? I would be glad of some quilt scraps or embroidery thread. Has anyone a Ladies' Home Journal they would send me after they have read it? I would enjoy it so much. Mrs. Roy Stanton, Green Cove, Va.

11. It has been a long time since I've heard from any of the Cheerful Letter friends. I wish to thank all who have remembered me. I have been bedfast for a long time and have to depend on my daughter and two orphaned grandchildren for everything. I am a widow 78 years old. I would surely appreciate any cheer to help me pass my lonely hours, and my daughter would appreciate reading, quilt pieces, embroidery and crochet thread, as she has to spend much time in the house with me. Mrs. A. W. Wagg, Mouth of Wilson, Va.

12. I want to thank all who have sent me quilt scraps and other cheer. I have been in the hospital, had a serious operation. I am the mother of eight children and am expecting another soon. Cheer of any kind would be greatly appreciated. Mrs. J. O. Neaves, c/o Wiley Blackburn, Jefferson, N. C.

13. Mrs. Cassie Hawn, Chelsea, Okla., writes to thank those who have sent her reading or quilt pieces in the past. She would appreciate good reading, quilt scraps, stereoscope views or 10-inch records, also anything to amuse the babies, both girls, 1 and 5 years old.

14. Miss Maud Miller, R. F. D. 2, Box 67, Whitetop, Va., would like magazines to read. She is 17 years old and in ill health. She writes, "It is so lonesome to be a shut-in."

15. It is a long time since I have heard from any of the Cheerful Letter friends. I would be glad to correspond with someone, and also to receive books and magazines for my children. There are four girls, ages 20, 18, 4 and 2; also four boys, 16, 13, 11 and 8. Will be glad to receive anything to amuse a crowd of children. We are farmers. Have bought us a farm, and trying to pay for it causes us to have to do without things to read. Mrs. M. B. Steagall, R. F. D. 1, Peachland, N. C.

CARD OF SYMPATHY

The circle of Cheerful Letter friends of Mrs. Jennie P. Grymer, of Ruby Rapides Parish, La., express their deep sympathy for her in the loss of her beloved daughter, Mrs. Jennie C. Berry, and her wee baby.

CHANGES OF ADDRESS

Mrs. Lillie Smith, from Rex, Ark., to Morrilton & Jerusalem, Star Route, Ark.

Mrs. Belle Mason, from Cleveland, Ark., to Morrilton, R. R. 1, Ark.

Mrs. Ola (Godfrey) Ross, from Tilly, Ark., to Mt. Enterprise, R. 3, Texas.

OFFER

Persons who wish to receive "The Healthy Home" for one year may have it sent to them by applying to Mr. Edward F. Dickinson, Billerica, Mass.

FAITH

"Thy faith hath made thee whole"—the Master's words

Lose not their music sung the ages through.
Eternal is the promise made to all.

The message never meant for chosen few.

The words of comfort, meant for all who seek

The Truth with deepening fervor, are sublime;
God was and is and ever shall be love;

Love knows not distance nor an end of time.

Faith slumbers in the breast till flesh in need

Seeks Truth; then understanding opens wide

The door to heaven and the glory blinds

Eyes unprepared for love's increasing tide.

—Berenice Metcalf Rice.

YOU CAN MAKE YOUR HOUSE SEEM COOL

You know, of course, that you can do wonders in making your house and yourself seem cool, even with the thermometer standing at 90.

And it is worth doing. For the influence not only on yourself but on those about you is quite wonderful.

To begin with, never were women's clothes better adapted to coolness than they are today. We can be clothed in the fashion, clothed modestly—though the fashion doesn't require that—and yet clothed with a minimum of garments that insures coolness.

So much for yourself. Now your house. It is no longer the fashion to keep the windows closed so that the inner air may be cooler than the outer air. We have too much realization of the value of fresh air, all the time, even if it is warm air. But still if you keep awnings down and shades drawn against the scorching sun you will make the house seem cooler, even if the windows are themselves open. And if you can create a draught by opening doors and windows opposite each other, you will create a further appearance of coolness.

Things moving in the breeze always suggest coolness. A flower in a vase swaying in the moving air is cooler looking than a flower standing rigid and still in motionless air.

Fastidious cleanliness and neatness make for a cool look. So do fresh sheets and table linen and towels. Even if at other times you cannot be lavish in the use of household linens, because of that ever-present dread of big laundry bills, use them generously when it is warm.

—Clipped.

Of interest to the motorist is the information that the average life of a passenger automobile is seven years.

UNSPOILT DESERT CITY, JAISALMER, JEWEL OF INDIA

Natives Gaily Turbaned—Hills Yellow, Houses Amber—Strangest Library in the World

Most certainly there is no other city in India quite like Jaisalmer. Set far out in the great Indian Desert, isolated and offering no inducements to progress, it lies beyond the horizon of the ordinary traveller.

The scattered caravans that converge upon it and separate again drive an unobtrusive trade and enhance the sense of mystery which a closer acquaintance with the city does not entirely dispel. The guidebook tells you it can only be reached by camel, and until a few years ago this was true, but the modern car is ubiquitous and the desert track from the south, though bad, is practicable for motors forming a link with the railway 100 miles away, writes a correspondent of the "Times."

But, let us confess, it is 100 miles of very indifferent ground; a helping hand may be needed now and then, and in the nature of things one does not expect to arrive before the evening. Game is fairly plentiful, especially on the earlier part of the journey—partridge near the scraps of cultivation, lesser bustard, duck, and above all, sand grouse, and soon after sunrise the first packs of the latter may be seen making their point for some scanty pool. Until well on towards noon pack after pack passed over our heads, the uneven rustle of their wings audible above the hum of the car, and with one eye on the clock we stopped to shoot as opportunity offered.

Yellow limestone hills hem in the road for the last score of miles, and save for one fleeting far-away glimpse the city, though it stands upon a rock, is securely hidden from the traveller until he is almost at the gates. As we emerged from the hills the sun set, and seen thus in the quick-fading twilight the city wore a deserted look. But though the desert without was bare and empty the lower street of the town through which the car slowly pushed a way was densely thronged. The roofs were lined with women and children and an ever-increasing crowd of shouting boys fell in behind the car or raced past it to the farther gates.

Yellow buildings, the color of clouded amber and delicately carved, formed a fit setting for the brightly colored dresses and set out to full advantage this picturesque corner of "gaily turbaned, swagging Rajputana." It was a noticeably good-humored crowd, too. The children looked well and happy, and every face wore a cheerful grin of welcome, by no means a universal experience in India today.

But with every mile of desert we had slipped back a year into the past and the India of today was as far off as the railway. The atmosphere of the desert does not change, and it might have been somewhere here that Sir Thomas Roe "overtook on the way a camel laden with three hundred men's heads sent from Kandahar by the

governor in present to the king, that were out in rebellion."

There is no Dak bungalow at Jaisalmer. A guest-house provides accommodation for state guests, but uninvited visitors must make their own arrangements. Unaware of its attractions, it has never set out to catch the casual stranger. It is just a part of the desert. Indeed, from the Palace roof it is hard to say where the one begins and the other ends, and the yellow limestone of which the city is built is hewn from its own heart.

Among the desert's other qualities it shares its inaccessibility, and this inaccessibility has given it, metaphorically as well as literally, a place apart. When the rest of India was plunged in turmoil or disorder, Jaisalmer stood firm, a city of refuge and security; and tradition dies so slowly in the East that whilst the "Emden" was raiding the Indian Ocean the rich Marawari merchants of Calcutta resorting once more to the practice of their fathers, were sending their valuables to Jaisalmer.

The rare collection of Jain manuscripts housed beneath the carved Jain temples in the fort came here years ago through just such a cause. We expressed a wish to see them, and a courteous Jain priest, leading us underground, invited us to crawl through a narrow hole not three feet high into an inner room, doorless, windowless, pitch dark, and quite unfurnished, surely the strangest library in the world. Here by the tiny flicker of an indifferent oil lamp we inspected the manuscripts, being ourselves subjected at the same time to the inquisitive investigations of a multitude of bats. Though the accommodation provided is dry and equable, the conditions are not encouraging, and we soon left. Nevertheless, who would wish them changed?

Only Half Inhabited

A first impression of the busy street might lead one to suppose the city as overcrowded as the general run of Indian cities, but in point of fact it is quite the other way. Physical conditions impose a limit to the number the country can support, and it is relatively small. Each year there is a steady efflux, and among the stone-carvers, who have carried their art to a high pitch of perfection and can find work all over India, it is large enough to cause concern.

This city of enormous houses is only half inhabited. It lives literally from hand to mouth. Neither shops nor bazaars are to be seen and nothing is exposed for sale in the streets save a few insignificant vegetables. The long grain caravans from Sind which fill the narrow streets with camels attract more pigeons to their sacks than people. The buildings that meet the eye at every turn, often elaborately carved from base to pinnacle, belong to absent Marwari merchants. Family residences for the most part, which their owners rarely, if ever, see, they are only opened up for a marriage or a funeral and their shuttered silent fronts excite while they baffle curiosity. Over all the city there hangs an air of poverty, but the poverty of a palace, always dignified and never squalid.

The Old Fort

The fort itself, said to be the only bastioned fort in India and the ancient stronghold of the Bhati Rajputs, who trace their descent from the moon, was built by Jaisal in A.D. 1156. Surrounded by a bastioned wall, it might be at a guess a quarter of a mile long and is a second city in itself. Its approach is designed on the common Indian plan of a succession of gates, and the large round stones intended for the heads of reckless stormers are still "in situ" on the walls.

In all its 700 years of history it has been captured once by treachery, but never in fair fight—no mean record even for Rajputana. From without this level bastioned wall gives an air of self-confident solidity which is most impressive, and must have been worth much against an attacking force camped in the desert below, exposed to the blazing sun and perhaps hard put to it for water, for the surface pools begin to dry off in February and the main source of supply in the hot weather comes from the 300-foot wells in the fort.

Inside the fort is a wonderful medley of temples and houses, streets and squares, with the palace dominating the fort as the fort dominates the city, and commanding from its frail stone balconies a thousand square miles of desert.

Some day, perhaps, the railway will pass through Jaisalmer and then it will become one of the show places of India. Tongas and motor-cars will oust the camel from the streets, and privileges at present freely offered as a courtesy will be sold for money. The foxes that haunt the sand dunes against the northern wall will be driven deeper into the desert and the sand grouse will seek fresh pools.

But while the railway will make the city easier to reach it will make it easier to leave. The money of the tourist will go into the pockets of an hotelier and if as the visitors come the inhabitants go it is difficult to see what advantage will accrue to either people or State. If the city loses its uniqueness it loses more than half its charm. At present it is a perfect jewel in a perfect setting, and such it will always remain in the memory of those who have been privileged to see it unspoiled.

—Clipped.

IN QUIET, SUN-FLECKED PASTURES THE FIELD SPARROW SINGS OF HOPES THAT ARE REALIZED

From the thickets of an old hillside pasture comes the simple yet cheery songs of field sparrows, and as one walks slowly along the cattle-path winding around gray boulders and clumps of sapling pines, dipping gently to the rail-fence and a little meadow, rising easily to vanish in the second-growth woods, there are glimpses of many brown sparrows retreating shyly before one's silent advance. And as one goes along, the songs cease one by one—not abruptly, but in a delightfully long-drawn manner.

Common are these birds, but inclined to shyness, and yet they fling forth a refrain symbolic of unrestrained happiness, of a joy of hope apparently realized, and in many ways they belong to the shrubby pasture. This waste place with its tangle of ferns and blackberry bushes, its clumps of birches and upheavals of boulders, its pines standing in lonely beauty, and opens green with rank heavy grass—it is not a place of scenic interest, and the field sparrow in wearing sombre colors is not a bird whose beauty pauses lovers of finer feathers.

With the sunny opens green and golden, with shadows touching shrub and leafy entanglement, the bird is at home, and in loving such a habitat it naturally voices an appreciation. If the little brownish creature cunningly retreats from bush to bush along the path it only reflects the nature of its abode—the shyness of those loving the shadows touched faintly with the sunlight.

To one's surprise the bird flies to a broken butternut tree, and suddenly a song of sweetness and clearness rings out over the lonely, fern-scented, sun-splashed pasture. One sees a quiet confidence in the bird's poise, and there is instant liking for its manner of delivery, which is nothing more than an exhibition of rollicking content with self, the world at large.

Then the song! One listens. Three low, wild whistles softly assail the ears, and these grow faster and finally end in a trill—a series of cascades and demi-quavers that gradually soften until lost in the blossom-scented, bee-haunted silence. A simple refrain, but delicious to hear. A simple note given and repeated deliberately, then hurried. It comes out of the heart a passionate outburst. And the listener thinks of a caged canary singing to cheer its exile.

There is a desire to observe the singer more closely, and as one steps forward the bird drops into the thicket, and when another advance is undertaken to a bush further along the bird flees. And it still sings a medley of strains up the scale and down, the echo of a trill, the suggestion of a cascade. Singing cheerily and happily as it retreats shyly, what a pleasant little incident it is!

The tyro may know the field sparrow by this peculiarity—easily identify it. Let the place be an old pasture fragrant with wild blossoms, a-hum with bees a treasure seeking. Let the actors be brownish birds of the thickets who steel away and sing a tantalizing trill as they go. One can not make a mistake in the identity.

—Edwin C. Hobson.

"JUST BE GLAD"

For we know, not every morrow

Can be sad;

So, forgetting all the sorrow

We have had,

Let us fold away our fears,

And put by our childish fears,

And through all the coming years,

Just be glad.

—James Whitcomb Riley.

GOOD HEALTH NOTES

Nasal Sinuses

By Vance P. Peery, M.D., Kinston, N. C.
(Gorgas Memorial Institute)

Possibly the most frequent source of pus or germ absorption is in and about the teeth. The tonsils and adenoids are second. The nasal sinuses, which are bony cavities located in the front part of the skull, all communicating with the nose for purposes of drainage and aeration, can be placed third in frequency.

Infection or trouble in the sinuses can give the same serious troubles, such as heart, stomach, kidney, lung or joint diseases, as infection in the tonsils, in or about the teeth. Trouble in the sinuses is more likely to exist undetected than some other points, because the sinuses are not exposed to casual inspection.

Not all serious sinus troubles give pain or headache. An acute sinus affection is liable to afford pain sufficient to suggest seeing a doctor. The chronic affections may give discharge from the nose, either pus or watery in character, or a dripping in the back part of the throat, which is responsible for repeated desire to clear up the throat, or "hawking."

Sinus infection is one of the causes of nutritional disturbance in the young, such as underweight, pale anemic color, poor appetite, failure to thrive. This follows head colds, grippé, the diseases of childhood such as measles, scarlet fever, etc. Some older people who never feel quite up to par, with lack of energy, etc., are improved when a sinus involvement is sought, discovered and eradicated.

Every case of rheumatism, certain heart, kidney, lung, liver and stomach troubles should be studied by a competent doctor with the X-ray to rule out a focus of infection in the sinuses. The sinuses being closely situated near the eyes makes it imperative that an M.D. be consulted when eye symptoms are in evidence. Many cases of blindness have their origin in these cavities when they are diseased. The matter of fitting glasses may be a simple matter, in an attempt to alleviate the ordinary symptoms of eye strain, headache, dimness of vision, etc. Fitting glasses to correct an error of refraction only involves the elementary principles of physics. Searching out the cause of that error is not a simple matter, and the solution is not to be found outside of a competent doctor's office. One who is trained in anatomy, physiology, pathology of not only the local field, but the general systemic condition as well, should be consulted.

Sinus disease is one of frequent causes of brain abscess, meningitis and other serious conditions which have a high mortality.

Any head cold, chronic cough, post nasal drip, should not be allowed to run along without investigation.

Halitosis may be due to disease in the sinuses. A diagnosis is essential. Go to a competent doctor for a periodic health examination twice a

year. It will cost you more than the price of a bottle of some mixture, or some friendly free advice, yet in the long run you get exactly what you pay for, and a safe and comfortable average is only obtained in anything by going about it in the correct way.

Two Conditions That Go by Name of Acidity

There are at least two conditions that go by the name of acidity. Diet plays a prominent part in both—causing and curing both of them. The diets which are important in one are unimportant in the other. More than that, the diet which causes one will cure the other.

It is, therefore, unfortunate that whoever sat in on the naming of these babies either got the babies mixed or named the second baby without knowing that the first was already using the name. What we need is at least one new christening party. For reasons which will presently appear, we really should have two such parties.

Is there any way by which we can tell which of these two babies we are dealing with? The answer is: Yes. Let us call the first one "acid ash acidosis." It can be diagnosed by repeated examinations of the urine for acidity. This can be done with simple litmus paper procurable in any drug store. Acid turns litmus paper red; alkali turns it blue. This test is very simple and easily applied, but for this purpose it is far from satisfactory. Sansum recommends a simple test which he had adapted from Clark. It is arranged for home use. It can be obtained from the more up-to-date stores.

The people who have this kind of acidity complain of sour stomach, acid dyspepsia, indigestion, and belching. Many of them have ulcer. Many of them have the soda habit. Sansum says the soda habit is the most widespread of all the drug habits, and this fact is proof that this form of acidosis is widespread.

The other form of acidosis is that which affects children, pregnant women, persons with Bright's disease, and diabetes. Fat people are prone to it. It is the kind which causes the headache which appears when a fat person tries to reduce by strict dieting. There are laboratory tests of the breath and of the urine which show the presence of this variety of acidosis, but they are not so simple.

A few paragraphs higher up it was said the name "acidosis" was unfortunate for another reason. Here it is: Certain of our foods taste sour. For instance, fruit juices, vegetable juices, salads, buttermilk, sour milk, and sour beverages. A synonym for sourness is acidity. The sour taste—acidity—of these common foods causes us to think them the causes of acidosis. The fact is, these foods do not remain acid except in the upper part of the intestinal tract. They do not cause either of the two varieties of acidity. Yet we cannot escape thinking that since they are so acid they must cause acidosis.

—Dr. W. A. Evans.

GIFTS FROM OUR NEIGHBORS ACROSS THE SEA

I. Armenia.

Armenians are a people of history. Their origin is pure Aryan or Indo-European. The Armenian language has been classified precisely in the same category with the Greek language.

Armenians are an essentially Alpine European people, who by unfortunate circumstances were transplanted to Asia Minor, where they at least for the last twenty-seven centuries have made their land a centre of literary culture and for the last sixteen centuries a home of Christian civilization. Their national history is an ancient one. They have been contemporaneous with the Greeks of Pericles to the West and with the Hebrews of David to the East.

In the first century B. C. and during the reign of Tigranes the Great, Armenia became the most powerful kingdom of the East. Coming into contact with the power of Rome, Tigranes had to put a limit to his ambitions as a conqueror. During the ten centuries following, the Armenians enjoyed a more or less independent national life, and their last independent state was formed in Cilicia and lasted from 1080 to 1375 A. D.

The services rendered to the Crusaders by the Armenians during their adventurous passages through Cilicia or Armenia Minor on their way to the Holy Land, are a matter of authentic history. The Armenian people everywhere received the Knights of the Cross with open arms and with a manifestation of generous hospitality. They themselves had suffered in their contact with the Turks and they were desirous to help their Christian comrades to emancipate the Holy Sepulchre from Moslem depredations.

The Armenian Renaissance of regeneration begins with the introduction into the land of Christianity by Saint Gregory. The Armenian Apostolic Church was the first National Christian Church in the world. It solidified the national character, it popularized education, it created a magnificent national literature. No other nation has produced a sublimer hymnology. For sixteen centuries the Armenian Church, situated at the piedmont of Mount Ararat, has been a power-house of spiritual radiation to the peoples of the surrounding country-side.

The Golden Age of the Armenian Classic literature was the fifth century. The modern drama and literature began early in the nineteenth century and continue down to our own time. Armenians have had a leading part in the promotion of technical architecture of the world. There is historical evidence to the effect that they were one of the original contributors to the development of the European Gothic architecture.

Toward the conclusion of the World War, the Armenians, by their own heroic efforts set up a Republic of their own, with the city of Erivan as the capital. In the land there are now about a million souls, all told. But the Armenians of the Diaspora number another million or so, scattered all over the world.

The Armenian immigration to the United States began in 1848, but very few had the intention to remain in this country permanently. In 1915 the Turkish government inaugurated a fiendish policy of wholesale deportation of men, women and children, unprecedented in cruelty in the history of the world. The Christian fortitude and heroism exhibited by Armenian men and women during that dark year in the desert of Mesopotamia and in the canyons of mountains deserve the admiration of mankind. Between 1918 and 1924 there was another large Armenian exodus into the United States. In "The Land of the Free and the Home of the Brave" was the beginning of a permanent Armenian settlement in America. Approximately one Armenian out of every five is a naturalized American citizen. Then there are thousands of American-born boys and girls who are graduates of American high schools and colleges. There are also scientific men, who as professors are teaching in the colleges and universities of the land. However, the majority of them are in ordinary trades and working in factories. They are a hard-working people, essentially home folks, blessed with many children.

(Quoted, in part, from the Historical Review, Contributions to Civilization, published by the Committee on Racial Groups of the Massachusetts Bay Tercentenary, to whom acknowledgment is made for this and similar articles to follow, concerning other racial groups among our citizens.)

ON RETURNING

All summer I have stored up loveliness,
The memory of sun-gold days is in my heart,
The sweep of sky that bends to meet the sea,
The shapeful clouds floating above
The white-capped glory of the blue-green sea;

The fields of ripening grain
That sway in silver lines beneath the sun,
And butterflies like flowers with wings
Float tilting in the honey-scented air.

All summer I have stored up loveliness,
And now again I walk the city streets,
But, oh—the sweep of sky, the sun-flecked sea
are here,

The shadows of the clouds on summer fields.
The city melts away,
And all the stored up loveliness of summer
Fills my heart, gladdening each new day.

—Dorothy Whipple Fry.

MORNING SONG

There's a mellow light just over the hill,
And somewhere a yellower daffodil;
And honey, somewhere, that's sweeter still.
—Karl Wilson Baker.

The life is more important than the life-work.
—Newell Dwight Hills.

A PAGE FOR THE CHILDREN

WHEN DYNAMITE WENT OFF

Just outside the mountain town where Dilly and Dally lived was a long, narrow shed. Just inside the shed was the most entrancing assortment of little mountain burros that the twins had ever seen. All summer they had begged to be allowed to have a ride on the burros, which could be hired for any length of time. But Mother had thought it best to wait until there were fewer tourists crowding the streets and roads. Now it was fall and most of the tourists had left.

One Saturday morning when Uncle Jerry drove in from his farm, he called to the twins as soon as he reached their gate and said, "If your mother is willing, I'll treat you to that burro ride you've been wanting so long."

With two shouts of glee, Dilly and Dally scampered into the house. "Oh, Mother, Uncle Jerry says he'll treat us to a burro ride if you're willing," exclaimed Dilly.

"Please may we go now? PLEASE!" exclaimed Dally.

"Yes, I think you may," agreed Mother, smiling at their joyful excitement. "Be careful. And don't ride too far."

With grateful hugs for her permission and the assurance that they would be careful and not ride too far, Dilly and Dally clambered into Uncle Jerry's car and were off to the burro stable. It was glorious to be whizzing along in the bright morning sunshine toward this long-wished-for adventure, and the twins were in a glow of anticipation.

Uncle Jerry parked his car near the stables and Dilly and Dally almost tumbled out in their eagerness to inspect the burros. Dilly reached them first. They were lined up in the long, narrow building which had a roof but no sides. And one of them was advancing curiously toward her.

"Oh, see this cunning little baby one," called Dilly to Dally. "He isn't the least bit afraid. See how friendly he is." He was a rusty black, long-legged little fellow, and as the baby of the lot he was used to much attention and petting.

"Oh, wouldn't we love to have him for a pet!" exclaimed Dilly. "But he's too little to ride, isn't he?" she asked the attendant.

"Yes, he is now, but he'll be ready to give you a ride next summer," answered the attendant. "You can take your pick of the others, though."

Dilly knew at once which one she preferred. "I choose this one," she said, pointing to a gentle looking, small gray burro. "What is his name, or don't they have names?"

"Yes, they are all named," replied the attendant. "The little fellow's name is Snooze. That one you have chosen is Ketchup."

"What a funny name," laughed Dilly. "Which one do you choose, Dally?"

True to his name, Dally was dallying. First he half decided on this one and then on that one, until Dilly's impatience and Uncle Jerry's urging brought his indecision to an end. But there was

one sure thing about Dally. When he once made up his mind it stayed up—unless something very unsettling occurred!

"I choose this one," he at last stated definitely, patting the fat sides of the burro he indicated.

"Are they all gentle and quiet?" asked Uncle Jerry.

"Perfectly," answered the attendant. "Sometimes one of them gets balky and won't move, but no one's ever fallen off one yet. Here, Sonny," speaking to Dally, who was trying to scramble up on the burro's back without any assistance. "I'll help you up. Well, if you haven't chosen Dynamite!"

"Dynamite!" exclaimed Uncle Jerry. "I hope he wasn't named for his disposition. If he acts in accordance with his name, perhaps you'd better try some other one, Dally."

"His reputation is better than his name," said the attendant. "He used to belong to an animal trainer who went out of the business and turned Dynamite over to us. The only trouble we've ever had with him is to get him started sometimes. He's always all right after he gets going. But we haven't had him very long, so perhaps you'd feel better if the boy tried one of the others. That real dark one, Rastus, is as gentle as a lamb."

"But I'd rather ride Dynamite. I like him best," asserted Dally—with his mind-made-up. So he finished mounting Dynamite.

Uncle Jerry hoisted Dilly up on Ketchup's broad back, and at a word from the attendant the little burro ambled leisurely along the trail. But Dynamite refused to budge. He stood as motionless in the middle of the path as though he had been one of the bronze burro souvenirs that stood on the counter in the curio shop.

"Giddap!" commanded Dally. Dynamite moved to the extent of wiggling one ear. The attendant gave him an encouraging slap on the flank. Uncle Jerry urged him to get a move on him. Dilly shrieked, "Come on!" And Dynamite stood stock still.

Then suddenly from a faint and faraway distance came the sound of a band playing. This was the morning that the High School band was to give a concert in the park, and apparently the boys were enlivening their street car ride with a little preliminary music.

With the first sound of the music, Dynamite pricked up his ears, and Dally felt his body stiffen. Then with a suddenness like that of streak of lightning he began to prance up and down the path. The unexpectedness and jerkiness of his movements loosened Dally's hold, so that all at once he found himself sitting on the ground instead of on the burro. Dilly slid off Ketchup's back and came running over to her twin.

Dally jumped up and in a moment they were all laughing heartily at Dynamite's absurd antics. The closer the music came, the harder Dynamite pranced. Not until it stopped did he stop.

"I guess I'll ride Rastus after all," exclaimed Dally. "I've made up my mind that I don't care

to ride Dynamite either when he does go off or when he doesn't!"

So Dilly rode Ketchup and Dally rode Rastus and they could talk of nothing else for a week but of their burro ride and how Dynamite went off!

—Rosalee Hawthorne
in Christian Science Monitor.

A SUNDAY EVENING GRACE FOR CHILDREN By Rev. Ernest Bourner Allen, D.D.

For all Thy gifts, so great, so good,
We thank Thee, Lord!
For home and friends, for clothes and food,
We thank Thee, Lord!
For work and play, for this Lord's day,
For church and Sunday school to-day,
For Jesus teaching us the way,
We thank Thee, Lord!

THE DANCE OF THE LITTLE RAG DOLL

The little rag doll came out to dance
At night when the house was still.
And she pointed her toe and she curtsied low
On the painted window-sill.
I never did think that a doll could do
The bend-way-back and the splits, did you?
But my own little daughter told me so,
And she ought to know!

The little rag doll came out to dance
And she danced the whole night through.
She danced a jig and a whirligig
Like real little daughters do.
Of course she has rather a wobbly spine,
And her eyes are yarn, so they do not shine.
But she did very well for a cotton head,
So her mother said!

The little rag doll came out to dance
From the top of the closet shelf.
She got all set for a minuet.
And fell all over herself.
If she'd kept to the thing she knew real well,
There might be another tale to tell,
But out of the window the rag doll fell!
... Heigho! ... My own little daughter told me
so,
And she ought to know!

—Anne Campbell.

A MORNING PRAYER

O God, make me glad all the day long, and
when the night cometh let me fall asleep thinking
of thy goodness and thy love, for Jesus' sake.
Amen.

—Bishop Slattery.

A NIGHT PRAYER

O God, who lovest me all the day and all the
night: Bless all I love, and keep them happy,
keep them good: and tomorrow make me obedi-
ent, unselfish, and kind, for Jesus' sake. Amen.

—Bishop Charles L. Slattery.

FONDNESS FOR PERFUMES AMONG ANCIENT PEOPLES

"Chemists are undertaking a new task, it is reported, in seeking to classify perfume odors, but the use of perfumes is exceedingly ancient," says a bulletin from the headquarters of the National Geographic Society in Washington.

"The Bible indicates that perfumes were in vogue among the Hebrews and in the reign of Hammurabi, the George Washington of Babylon—for Hammurabi also was a general, an engineer and an administrator—the use of perfume was enforced by law. In ancient Babylon and Assyria mighty warriors bathed themselves in perfumes and wore their hair in curled highly scented locks. Moreover, the perfumes were distributed in tiny glass vials and bottles, progenitors of the fancifully shaped bottles of today.

"Ancient manuscripts and hieroglyphics on tombs tell of the delight the people of early Egypt found in perfumes. During one era a day a week was set aside when the people were asked to perfume themselves entirely. The scents which they procured from trees and shrubs and aromatic plants would be too strong for modern taste.

"The most ardent present-day advocate of perfume would be overpowered by sweet smells if he could visit an ancient Egyptian household in the heyday of the 'perfume era.' He would find his food perfumed and his wine perfumed. He would be surrounded by women bathed in perfume and by men whose bodies were covered with highly aromatic unguents. Were he to visit a home of ancient Babylons, he would breathe perfumed air from the aromatic wood burned in the fireplaces in the houses.

"Artistic vases of alabaster found in ruins of Greek and Roman settlements were the perfume bottles of these people. Roses were the favorite flower of the Romans and likewise their favorite scent. Thrice daily the Roman noble 'wallowed' in liquid perfume, after which his body was rubbed with sweet ointments. Rose leaves were placed in the vats where his wine was fermented and the scent of roses greeted him when he arose in the morning.

"The Greeks had a special passion for perfume. Their poets wrote poems to it and about it. Only the most careless of the Grecian dandies was so thoughtless as to bathe himself in but one kind of perfume. 'A different scent for each part of the body' may have been the slogan of their perfumer. It was fashionable to rub mint on the arms and many of the other scents recommended were just as 'highly spiced.' Into the wines which graced their banquet tables they infused roses, violets and hyacinths.

"When a Greek found himself worrying too much over his troubles, he used a recommended perfume to clear his mind. Stomachache, headache and various other aches were said to be relieved by the application of different flowers and plant scents."

—Selected.

Repentance is being sorry enough to stop.

WATCH YOURSELF GO BY

By Strickland Gillilan

Just stand aside and watch yourself go by;
Think of yourself as "he" instead of "I."
Note, closely, as another man you note,
The bag-kneed trousers and the seedy coat;
Pick flaws; find fault; forget the man is you,
And strive to make your estimate ring true;
Confront yourself and look you in the eye—
Just stand aside and watch yourself go by.

Interpret all your motives just as though
You looked on one whose aims you did not know.
Let undisguised contempt surge through you
when

You see you shirk, O commonest of men!
Despise your cowardice; condemn whate'er
You note of falseness in you anywhere.
Defend not one defect that shames your eye—
Just stand aside and watch yourself go by.

And then, with eyes unveiled to what you
loathe—

To sins with that sweet charity you'd clothe—
Back to your self-walled tenement you'll go
With tolerance for all who dwell below,
The faults of others then will dwarf and shrink,
Love's chain grow stronger by one mighty link—
When you with "he" as substitute for "I,"
Have stood aside and watched yourself go by.

I would rather be beaten in the right than suc-
ceed in the wrong.

—Garfield.

MIXTURE OF SCOTCH AND SOME OTHER THINGS

Once there were two Scotsmen . . .
One wouldn't wear rubber heels because they
"give."

The other bought his son a violin so the boy
wouldn't have to have his hair cut.

Then there was the Scotsman who had himself
born in the United States to save the cost of
transportation.

Also the Scotsman who offered to return the
doctor's calls.

Incidentally, it is a sure sign of Summer when
a Scotsman throws out his Christmas tree.

The history of swimming dates back to the
time when a Scotsman came to the first toll
bridge.

Speaking of water sports reminds us of the
difference between a Scotsman and a canoe—a
canoe tips sometimes.

And last but not least, there's the Scotsman
who waited for an eclipse in order to get night
telegraph rates in the daytime.

—The Pathfinder.

Going! Climbing! Building! Creating!

That's fun: that's living:

Arriving is the end.

—Trotty Veck.

"What kind of a car has Frank?"

"Well, he'd feel tremendously flattered if you
called it second-hand."

—Buffalo Bison.

THE CHEERFUL LETTER EXCHANGE

Mrs. H. A. Stevens, Chairman

ITS PURPOSE

To cheer and comfort those who are ill, lonely, or discouraged, through the exchange of letters and by gifts of books and magazines.

To help those who live far from schools, or who wish to continue their studies by means of correspondence with a teacher.

To give to those living far from church some of the helps which churches give. One good sermon or similar article is printed in each number. These sermons are never doctrinal, but present only such simple religious truths and principles as are agreed on by all churches.

WHERE TO WRITE

1. Letters paying for subscriptions to the paper, fifty cents a year, should be sent to the Cheerful Letter Exchange, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass. Checks or postal orders should be made payable to the Cheerful Letter Exchange.

2. Letters asking for correspondents should be sent to the Chairman, Mrs. J. A. McCaddin, 21 Ashfield St., Roslindale, Mass.

3. Letters asking for help in studying at home should be sent to Mrs. George O. Sands, Brimble Ave., North Beverly, Mass.

The Home Study Committee has on hand a variety of schoolbooks which may be used by students either at home or in the schoolroom. The aim of the teachers is to help in any study where help is needed. Often this may fit a person for a higher grade of work.

4. Letters about the establishment of Circulating Libraries should be sent to Mrs. Henry R. Bowser, 36 Lancaster St., Cambridge, Mass.

Circulating Libraries have been established in isolated communities of twenty-seven States, where public libraries and other educational privileges are not available; also in many schools and colleges in rural and mountain districts. A Circulating Library will be started in any small community that is in need of one, if proper location and care can be furnished and satisfactory references given.

5. The Secretary of the Cheerful Letter Exchange, Miss Ethel L. Hersey, Hingham, Mass., should receive the more general correspondence from workers on the local committees, or from others interested in the organization and its methods.